One of the Pack. I see how it is; I'm one of the pack-

A pairry playing card: nothing more.
You shuffle and deal, then take me back.
Or toss me to lie where I was before.
There are royal heads at your mimic court,
But they fare no better; they're in the same

fix:
For you vary the usual order of sport:
You take what you please while you play
your tricks.

No doubt it serves well as a source of fun To match your lovers, this one against that: Though perhaps, when the evening's amuse-ment is done ment is done

And the pack put aside, we seem rather flat.

But suppose that by chance in the dead of the

When you dream with disdain of our being We should break your repose, rising up in our might, And declare to your face that our feelings For, whatever you fancy we each have a soul, And the rules that apply here are oddly so

planned That while we seem bent to your finger's And are played with, yet we two are taking

Don't you see that a sequence of hearts you may break
While attempting one mean little trumpspot to save,
Or succumb to an equally luckless mistake
And let a king go for the sake of a knave?

Does Tom's Diamond take you, or is it my heart? The deuce, after all, will perhaps end the race; Then, again, you may yield to young Alger-

non Smart.
Or the one-eyed old banker's Cyclopean acc.
The game's to be Lottery—so you said—
Or Matrimony? No; both, I declare!
Why, the next thing I know you'll take to Old
Maid,
And leave me to sorrow and Solitaire.

Cross purposes still! This never will do. You've begun Vingt-et-un; I'm at Thirty

Just ten years apart. Ah, I wish I knew Some smoother way to make matters run!
You change the game like a pantomime;
And now it's Euchre, I really believe,
For you're trying to cheat me half of the time. With a "little joker"—a laugh in your sleeve.

Let us end this nonsense! What do you say? Leave me out, and go on with the rest, Or throw the whole heap of cards away, And stake your all on a man as the best. You can't manage love according to Hoyle.

And your effort to do so you surely would rue; Besides, what's the use of such intricate toil?—
You shall win all the games if I only win you!

-Geo. Parson Lathrop, in Editor's Drawer,
Harper's Magazine for September.

HE WAS AN ARTIST. He had a studio on Chestnut streetbefore his arrival it was known as an attic. It had that trade mark peculiar to an artist's den, namely, dust and disorder. But this morning there was a suspicion of neatness in the arrangement of many unfinished canvases; some of the dust and dirt had been removed, though a few spider-webs lurked in the corners. However, taking all into consideration, it was not so bad

a place as it might be. So thought its sole lord and master, name David Marvin, as he sat bebackground to the lovely face he was painting. Perhaps you might not call it lovely, but I assure you that the artist thought those deep brown eyes, the auburn hair, and the firm red lips something extraordinary.

"So you think a broom and water has somewhat improved the appearance of my room, Miss Lothorp, was saying to the original of the por-

"I do, indeed; I believe if I hadn't reminded you in time you would have been entirely lost in the lacework those little creatures were spinning about you," she replied, laughing, and flashing a glance of those liquid orbs at

"I wish she wouldn't do that," he thought, bending his flaxen head to avoid any more flashes let us suppose. "By the way, you wished to see those new water-color sketches of mine, didn't

"Yes, I should like very much to see them, Mr. Marvin."

There was no mistake this time: the eyes had a curious gleam that caused the painter to dive into a corner in an agony of search for the sketches.

But what was this? Bump, bump, up the stairs it came, and amid a great . heaval of sighs the door was swung open, and in the open portal appeared a personage of great proportions; an immense white chip bonnet adorned with flaming red roses and blue ribbons, a purple gown, green-flannel bag of dimensions unknown, and a white cotton umbrella made the tout ensem-

"Laws a mercy, Davy! But them be the awfulest stairs I ever seen. Here am I, a-blowing like an old whale, and never a breath of air in this stujo of yours; it oughter been called stewpan, it's my opinion. He, he!"

Miss Lothorp had withdrawn into a corner by the window at the panting dame's unceremonious arrival, and was now eyeing her gaudy attire with badly concealed merriment on her face. "And never a cheer, nuther. Bless

my soul, Davy, yer getting airy in yer sky parlor; but you hain't larning no sense, that's one thing; a tumblin' out yer cheers for this rubbish," she continued, with a majestic wave of her hand to the works of art lying around .. "Well, upon my word, Aunt Eliza,

you've taken me by storm. I did not look for you on such a hot day as this," at last gasped David. "Oh, no! I was sarten sure of that.

I knew I wasn't wanted; that's just why I came, Dave Marvin!" snapped Aunt Eliza, looking vindictively at Miss Lothorp. "Who's that?" she asked, in

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Eliza," said David, recovering his lost energy and pulling himself up with a jerk. "Miss Lothorp, allow me to introduce my aunt, Miss Hawkins."

"I'm from Redington, Pa.; ye've heerd of Redington, miss?" inquired the old lady, with some pride. "It's a real smart town, Davy was brung up there," she went on, seating herself. "Indeed!" Miss Lothorp murmured,

endeavoring to appear interested, while Mr. Marvin inwardly cursed his fate. "I hope that feller hasn't been telling ye yarns about his an--an, oh, whatever you call 'em; they say all in Philadelphy do, you know. Why, do you know, I 'member Davy when he were a little chap in petticoats, fetching water from the well, and mindin' the babies, carryin' them pig-a-back. Ye needn't blush, Davy; it's gospel truth. I wonder what ver mother would say if she seen ye now, dabblin' in those nasty paints? Like as not she's washing your father's clothes; his father's a

miner, Miss Lothorp. Why, yer surely

"I am sorry, Miss Lothorp," said David, in a husky voice, surprise and indignation making his naturally stupid tongue dumb. "Good morning. Oh, aunt! What have you done?" he exclaimed, as he closed the door after the young lady. "I can hardly say I thank you for airing those spicy anecdotes of my juvenile days," he continued, bit-terly, as he busied himself before his 50,000 boarders. easel. "What will she think?" was

the next thought. "And she'h never come back!" he unluckily muttered aloud. Alas, poor Davel "You blamed fool, Dave Marvin!"

exclaimed Aunt Eliza, grasping the ferule of her umbrella. "You blamed "Aunt!" "Y'are. Is'pose ye'll be bringing that proud hussy home ter Redington when ye git her. He, he! When you

do! But, never fear, Dave, no one that's insulted me-"Once for all, aunt-" One-half hour afterward Aunt Eliza came out into the broad daylight, mop-

ping her moist brows, and frowning darkly at the fifth floor window, from whence her painter nephew was gazing down stupidly on the crowded Another morning two weeks later,

David was at his easel, working on the deep brown eyes, with the heavily fringed lasnes. Was it-no-tut it was the original again sitting before

"Yes I really thought that you would never come again. You were so terribly put out, you know," he was saying the hot blood mounting to his brow. "Why, what made you think that? I was very much amused by the old lady; she is very communicative, don't you

think?" she asked with a queer gleam in her eyes that the poor fellow dreaded so much. "Ah, ves—that is—" he stammered, then quitted his work, and brush

and palette were thrown down.

"Miss Lothorp!" "Mr. Marvin!

He stopped and looked doubtingly around him. "Miss Lothorp, don't you-I mean-

would you mind hearing more about that little fellow who carried his sisters -the way she said?" No answer; the eyes were hidden by

the long lashes, and a faint, shell-like tint crept over her face. "You will not say that you have an engagement?" he asked, thinking he had the upper hand, and consequently

feeling brave. "On, will you not believe me? was really the truth. Why should I make an excuse when I like——"

What? Whom?" "What were you going to say, Mr. Marvin?" she inquired, ignoring his question. "Something about yourself, you'll remember." "It was-not until you finish your

sentence," he said. "Mr. Marvin, yourself or nothing. "Myself! Do you mean it, Mabel? I was going to say that I love you, my

That incorrigible young man was on his knees, grasping the two warm palms of Miss Lothorp. Her dark head was bent over him, the bonnie brown eyes that David both loved and feared were looking down in his blue orbs with unutterable tenderness. What more was needed?

"Darling, your turn now," he whispered. "You liked-whom?" "I! O. David! I intended to tell you-not now, but somewhere off in the rague ages-that I liked to listen to the lady's chat about-"

A pause. "Me! O darling of darlings!" The postures were something artistic, since their attitudes were struck quite innocently, somewhat after that painting of Romeo and Juliet in Friar Lawrence's cell. The friar alone was

appearance at this moment but that venerable gentleman in feminine garb of-Aunt Eliza! "David Marvin! Ye blamed-

Sakes alive! I'm sure I beg yer pardon, Miss Lothorp. I——''
"Aunt Eiza, allow me to introduce my little wife to be," David said, rising from his cramped position.

"My soul! Ye don't say! Would you marry an artist, Miss Lothorp?" "Yes, indeed, any amount of them," she answered, with a fond glance at

"One at a time, darling, I think would be best," he suggested. "Take me first for a trial." — Waverly Maga-

An Entomological Horror.

A party of Frenchmen who were out sailing on Jamaica bay were caught in a sudden squall, the other night, says the New York Herald, and compelled to stop over at one of the small hotels at Rockaway beach. One of them, a late arrival, was greatly exercised over the discomforts of the place, and complained bitterly about the lack of elegance in the fittings and the inadequacy of the menu to satisfy a refined palate. A member of a fishing club, who had been out crabbing, courteously gave up his room to the foreigner, and shared the bed of one of his companions. But in vacating the apartment he left behind his fishing tackle and a basketful of the crabs he

The Frenchman sought the chamber rather late, and retired at once. During the night he awoke, and fancied he heard a noise that was not the murmur of the surf on the beach beneath his window. He sat up and listened. Yes. He was sure of it then. A strange, scratching sound. In a mo-ment he was out of his bed, for it came from the floor underneath his feet, and from different parts of it, too. In a fright he groped for his matches and struck a light. Then with a yell he made for the door. The basket in the corner had tilted over and released the crabs, which were straggling about all over. In the gloom the frightened for-eigner could hardly make out the appearance of the misshapen creatures, and he never stopped to investigate.

It was midnight, and a few stragglers were going out of the barroom down-stairs, when he burst into it in essentially brief apparel "Zee propree-staire!" he shouted-"Show to me zee propree-ataire!"

"What's wrong, sir?" asked that functionary, coming from behind the "Wrong, sare?" cried the other-"Everysing is wrong. Zees is one situation diabolique. I can not of zee souper eat. I can not of zee beer drink. Fask for my chamber and you show heem to me. Diable! Zee peelow so small is I lose heem in one moment. But I no mind zat. I try to myself compose, zen zere is one scretch, scretch, scretch, and one not going?" scretch, scretch, scretch, and one clack, clack, clack all ozee chambre I remember that I have a pressing en- over. Zee candle I been illumine. gagement that I cannot slight Good- Ciel! What you tink I see? Boogs, zare, monstair boogs. Beeg as my head. Go, zare. Take zee chambre.

> As a curious statistical trifle it may be mentioned that the United States has over fitty penitentiaries and 2,400 jails. These institutions contain over

> I do not heem no more want Zere

is not room in heem for tree or four

boog like zat."

WINTERING CORN. A Practical Manner of Arranging Corn-Cribs With a View to Utility.

> One of the objections often stated against farmers is an assorted habit of working on the hand-to-mouth principle. In other words, to answer a temporary purpose rather than a permanent one. In the settlement of a new country this is often necessary from the want of money, where so many things must be accomplished, and is unwarrantable. But a habit once fixed is apt to be followed, and in no respect more often than in cribbing corn. The result is a loss from ratted, bitter, moldy, or rotten corn, and to a degree capable of paying all the way from 10 to 20 per cent. on the investment necessary to build permanent cribs that would keep the corn perfectly from

> vear to vear. An examination as to the result of imperfectly-built cribs in deteriorating the value of corn, and the rule will apply measureably to all grain, will show that a crib infested with rats and mice the difficulty is not alone in what the vermin destroy by eating out the chit or germ of the corn, but also from the effluvia arising from and contaminating the corn from their nesting-places. It is also known that bitter corn arises largely from fermentation of the cob. which, put in wet, does not dry out properly. Mold is incipient decay from too compact storing when damp and rotting is an advanced stage of decay. The loss of a few cents per bushel in selling makes a large aggregate in the crop. Hence, however the crib is built, it should be only of such size as to give circulation of air, immunity from rain, and safety against vermin. The writer has never known a crib made of rails, eight feet at the bottom. flared to twelve feet at the top, and covered securely from rain, to fail in preserving corn perfectly if dry enough to crib. The reason is, the air circulates freely all around the crib. If a crib eight feet at bottom and twelve feet at top should be extended, say, 100 feet, the case would be different, and if the crib is uniformly twelve feet wide the danger of injury will be in-creased in a large degree. Twelve feet cribs are not unusual in the dry autumn and winter climate of the

er ensues before the wind dries it out the germ is attacked, producing bitterness and mold, and at length rottenness ensues. The fact that corn kept compactly in

West, and if filled so full that the rain

and snow cannot beat in under the

roof, in ordinary seasons they keep the

ing the crib, the corn becomes damp

through and through. If warm weath-

first of March or April. things to be taken into consideration. Immunity from rats and other vermin, provision against the leakage of roofs, and the driving in of rain or snow next the eaves, and safety from heating. Protection against vermin is provided by elevating the crib eighteen inches above ground on posts, placing an inverted tin pan on a large, flat, smooth stone between the top of the post and the sills of the crib. Danger from leaky roof is secured by a proper inclination-not less than a quarter pitch -and attention to keeping the roof boards, if so made, carefully nailed. A roof of grooved boards, properly battened, makes a perfect roof. It should be a double pitched roof for obvious reasons, and extend over the sides of the crib twelve inches to prevent the drip from driving in on top of the corn. If before snow is expected it be temporarily boarded tight from under the eaves, six inches below the top of the corn, this boarding to be removed early in the spring, no danger from driving snow will be experienced.

To prevent heating or fermentation in the body of a crib twelve feet wide, the writer has found the following plan safe and practicable: Form a skeleton of six-inch fencing two or three feet wide at the bottom and half the height of the crib. carried to a sharp peak at the top of the skeleton, running the entire length of the crib, the spaces between the boards six inches wide. Thus you virtually divide the crib into the draw two, the bases of each being only four temperature in water to the day and a half or five feet wide. The crib misfortune of the day and a large temperature of the day and a large temperature. will thus have a horizontal and a vortical circulation of air through the centre, and at a mere nominal cost compared to that of flaring the outsides of the crib. The projection of the roof, prevents drip being blown in. that striking the sides never penetrating to do damage. If, in addition, the side strips are put on diagonally instead of vertically, this drip will be distributed still more equally along the outside and quickly dries. Built in the manner described, the writer has never had corn spoil that was put in the crib in the ordinarily dry condition as it comes from the field at husking time, nor even when other cribs of the same dimensions, but not so protected, were

seriously injured.

Good Advice to Country Boys. Every man who lives in New York and has acquaintances in the rural dis-tricts knows that the majority of country boys and young men think that the golden opportunity of life is a chance to enter business in a large city. It is also a fact that country boys who come to the city are reasonably sure to wear away the best years of their lives before they realize that they would have succeeded better had they remained at home. The following bit of advice, which the Nashville American offers, is worth preserving for use in cases of

special application: "Intelligent boys in the country, however poor, should take comfort. Let them consider their present hardships as a gymnasium for the development of their many qualities of mind and body. Let them practice industry and honesty, acquire knowledge, cultivate decision of character, suffer patiently and endure cheerfully privations and self-denial, labor with a sinpersistency, and their time of influence and power will come-come as surely as effects follow cause, as wealth follows prudence and industry, as intelligence follows inquiry, as light follows darkness."—New York Herald.

There are 12,000,000 acres of uncultivated land in the State of New York, of which 5,000,000 are covered with forests.

General Grant's Career.

The story of General Grant's life savors more of romance than reality; it is more like a fable of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the contrasts in the career of the lamented General, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest which attaches to few charac-

ters in history.
His rise from the obscure lieutenant to the commander of the veteran armies of the great republic, his transition from a frontier post of the untime in a little store in Galena, not some and dapper enough for the admithrough the palaces of the Old World with the descendents of a line of kings | and slow movement; John Sherman, rising and standing uncovered in his presence; his humble birth in an Ohio town scarcely known to the geographer; his distressing illness and courageous death in the bosom of the nation he had saved-these are the features of his marvellous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate the minds of all

who make a study of his life. Many of the motives which actuated him and the real sources of strength employed in the putting forth of his singular powers will never be fully understood, for added to a habit of communing much with himself was a modesty which always seemed to make him shrink from speaking of a matter so personal to him as an analysis of his own mental powers, and those who knew him best sometimes understood him the least. His most intimate associates often had to judge the man by the results accomplished, without comprehending the causes which produced them. Even to the writer of this article, after having served with the General for nine years continuously, both in the field and at the Presidential Mansion, he will in some respects always remain an enigma. His memoirs, written on his death-bed, to be published only after his decease, furnish the first instance of his consent to unbosom himself to the world. In his intercourse he did not study to be reticent about himself; he seemed rather to be unconscious of self. When visiting St. Louis with him while he corn perfectly. In seasons when corn does not ripen perfectly, or when from a long spell of foggy weather penetratwas President, he made a characteristic remark showing how little his thoughts dwelt upon those events of his life which made such a deep impression upon others.

Upon his arrival a horse and buggy were ordered, and a drive taken to his farm, about eight miles distant. He stopped on the high ground overlooking the city, and stood for a time by wide cribs never dare be used for seed | the side of the little log house which is sufficient evidence that such are not he had built partly with his own hands calculated to season corn in the best in the days of his poverty and early manner for commercial uses. It is struggles. Upon being asked whether questionable if it really is for animal the events of the past fifteen years of feeding purposes. It is therefore wise his life did not seem to him like a tale economy that every farmer build crib-room enough to properly save all corn that must remain with him after the tae little farm-house of early days, he simply replied, "Well, I never thought In building a crib there are three about it in that light "-Gen. Horace Porter, in Harper's Magazine for Sep-

Stage Intoxication. McCullough's last performance-in Chicago-was under the effect of excessive stimulus, and this reminds us that most of our actors are great drinkers. Old Junius Brutus Booth (father of Edwin) was rarely sober on the stage, and required incredible pota-tions to enable him to go through his role. Sometimes he got drunk before the hour, and the audience was then obliged to submit to disappointment. George Frederick Cooke, the first British star that appeared on our shore, was also a victim to strong drink, which destroyed a constitution of rare vigor. Edmund Kean was another brilliant victim to intemperance. He was the most wonderful performer of his day, but he required great quantities of strong drink, and the habit increased till it destroyed him. This took place in his 46th year. Like McCullough, he broke down while on the stage, and sank into the arms of his son, who bore him off, and the play was stopped. He rallied, but never reappeared, and in a few weeks death closed his fevered ca-

reer. Forrest, in his heavy efforts, used strong drink turit never got that defect the hich proves utterly was the most muscular and the strong ever produced. stage ever produced, was the reason why Correspondent.

How to Take a Pill.

I have just read in your issue "How thave just read in your issue "How to Take a Fill," by the Asthalter. Now, if the pills are sagar coated, his method does very work but if they are not, the patient will generally get the bad tests of the pill, and this is really the most serious objection to pills. You know that in the vast majority of cases the will appear to the coate. the pills are not coated. When a physician orders medicine in pills the apothecary does not sugar-coat them. I will describe to you a method that I have been using, which I discovered of the finest kid made, and suffers but last year, which carries the pill down little from corns or bunions. I brightwithout the patient feeling its presence en up his finger and toe nails about in the mouth or throat, and never per- once a month. Mr. Beecher is a most mits the pill to be tasted when it is not coated. Take a swallow of water and hold the head back, so that the water will be in the back of the mouth. Do not swallow the water until the pill summer. In speaking of the regiments' has been dropped on its surface. Take encampment at Peekskill, Mr. Beecher the pill between the finger and thumb (still holding head back) and carry it well back, without touching the inside of the mouth with it: then drop it on the water and swallow. The head will come forward, and the water opening and wetting the esophagus takes the pill instantly to the stomach. It does not "stop halfway down," and is not

Foote and the Lawyers.

Foote never tired of roasting the lawyers with his wit, of which a sample mer, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, was complaining to him that the expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carraiges, hat bands, scarfs, etc., were very great that in London." "No!" exclaimed the astonished countryman. "How do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die we lay him out in a room over night by himself, throw open the sash, lock the door, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other amazed. "What we cannot tell exactly; all we know is there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room next morning." "Temple Bar."

To a moment tneeye should be allowed to feast itself on the vision thus suddenly brought to view, then the heart should be scooped out with the heart should be scooped gleness of purpose and strengthen their characters by winning success in every undertaking, however small. Let them cultivate habits of thrift, economy and cultivate

MEN OF THE PEOPLE. Distinguished Personages Gathered at the

Possibly so many distinguished men have never before been brought together in New York on any one occasion. In the groups that gathered now and again, there were to be seen the incised features of Senator Everts; "the cultured Lincoln," as I heard him called; Senator Morrill, of Vermont, tall, stoop-shouldered, with a white, student face, something in appearance like Charles Sumner's, but not so heavy or leonine and vigorous; short and inclined to be stout, with a soldiertrodden West to the Executive Man- ly mustache and goatee, gold eye-glasssion of the nation; his sitting at one es and a light slouch hat, and handeven known to the Congressman from ration of all the fair sex; Senator his district; at another time striding Warner Miller, with his large round face, blonde mustache, heavy weight erect and angular as a guide-post, with his keen face lifted above all his fel-lows; Senator Isham G. Harris of Tennessee, with bald and shining head; ex-President Hayes, with sandy hair and reckled face, stouter than of yore; ex-Fresident Arthur, also grown a trifle grey and a little stout, elegant in at-

"What is the operation?". tire, as always; ex-Attorney General Pierrepont, who, by his cut of whiskers and facial expression, might have stepped from a picture of a Puritan gathering into his modern garb and modern surroundings; the smooth-shaven, wrinkled and smiling visage of Governor Oglesby, of Illinois; Henry Watterson, in a brown business suit, brusque and nervous, with his head turned slightly to one side and moving constantly about to secure for his one eye the vision of two; Murat Halstead, with a Field Marshal air, and mustache and goatee white as the driven snow; Speaker Carlisle, with a dark suit strangely in contrast with a high white hat, under which the same cynical smile is constantly to be seen on his bare face; Samuel J. Randall, standing by him, heavier in form, larger in mold and feature, with the same thin-lipped smile, but dressed in better taste, Gen. N. P. Banks, of Red river fame. These and hundreds of others command attention, by reason of their prominence in public life or their personal appearance. Nearly all of the throng have risen, as Grant rose, from the ordinary walks of life. It is a revelation of the possibilities of the new world, of which General Grant wrote to General Buckner, "I know now the value of our inheritance." I saw General Sherman moving about the Fifth Avenue Hotel the work is all done." corridors in an old straw hat, an alpaca blouse with a single button, and a s indigestible?" pair of battered slippers, and then blossoming out in full uniform, tall, erect, martial and proud, a fine type of the American citizen soldier. The

quaint manners and the freedom with one and every one, are not least of the features of his character that draw gestible and nutritious." men involuntarily to like "Old Tecumseh," the leader of the March to the Sea, that cut the rebellion in two. Altogether different is General Phil Sheridan, who went about with his brother, Colonel "Mike" Sheridan, who is frequently mistaken for him, as a sort of twin Sheridan, in a crowd, and would be picked out by a stranger as a pros-

perons turfman. In civilian's dress he looks as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox, except that his face is bronzed and reddened. His suit of grey English goods fits him like wax. In the wearer of a high white hat it would be difficult to discover off-hand the hero of Winchester and the gallant cavalryaverage mental gifts. man who cut out the Confederacy at Ricmond. These men were Grant's foremost lieutenants. In the group of Senators called here by the Vice-President, a third type of soldier was presented to view in the swarthy face and raven mustache of General Logan, who, perhaps, more than any other man, is to-day the savorite of the voiunteer soldiery, whose deeds and valor saved the Union. It would be hard to find, the country over, or the world

criticism. These four men, like Gen. Grant are of humble origin. Glancing through the gathering crowds I saw General Lew Wallace, looking sober and thoughtful, through gold-bowed spectaeles under a brown slouch hat, but missed his fellow officer, General McClernand, who fell with him under the wrathful criticism of Grant at Shiloh and Donelson. General Wallace has acted with a manly dignity in the matter that I hear is likely to be rewarded, though he may not know it, by words of justice to him which Gen. Grant has written and left behind in his memoirs. General Wallace has claimed that, but for himself and Mc-Clernand, Grant would have been crushed in either of those battles. If Grant should have so written it, Wallace may well have waited in silence

over, a handsomer typical warrior tuan

General Hancock, whose 250 pounds

are carried in military harness with a

martial air and gallantry beyond all

at the Hotels." Great Men's Feet.

until now .- N. Y. Tribune's "Groups

"Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the pas-tor of Plymouth," continued Dr. Palm-er, "has soft, chubby feet. He always wears a broad-soled, easy-fitting shoe of the finest kid made, and suffers but interesting talker. The last time he was here he related many pleasant anecdotes of his home in Peckskill, where he resides with his family during the remarked that the boys in blue greatly added to the income of the shopkeepers of the town, and taken upon the whole they improved its social and moral con-

"Rev. Dr. Talmage, who recently sailed for Europe to rejoin his family in London, is also one of my customers. His feet in some respects resemble a canoe, being long and narrow. I cannot say they are free from corns and bunions, like Mr. Beecher's, but nevertheless they are pleasant to look upon. Dr. Talmage's toe-nails grow out perfectly straight, and are as pink may be given. A simple country far- and white as a woman's."-New York

> "I have not read Miss Cleveland's book," said Col. Ingersoll to a reporter, "but if the author condemns' the poetry of George Eliot she has made a

Desiccated Cocoanut.

"No, sir, we don't make cocoanuts," said a member of a firm whose sig read, "Cocoanut Manufacturing Company," in response to an inquiry of a reporter for the New York Mail and Express. "What we do is to prepare cocoanut for confectioners, bakers, and families, to be used for pies and pastry. The nuts are brought here by the vessel-load, some ships bringing as many as 400,000 in one cargo. They are put up in bags of one hundred each. The average weight of the green nut is one and one-half pounds. The best are those thickest in meat and richest in natural oil and sugar. They come from San Blas, Cow island, San Andreas, Ruatans, Jamaica, and Baracoa. They grow on the islands of the Carribean sea, and the trees are so planted that the roots are constantly washed with salt water. The nuts are not picked from the tree, but fall to the ground when ripe because of the decay of the stems. When the husk is taken off they are ready for shipping. The perishable nature of the green nut has made desiccated cocoanut more desirable in the market, and this is the article we manufacture and sell.".

"The cocoanuts are placed in a large hopper, from which they fall to a zinccovered table on a lower floor. In front of this table several men are placed, who crack the shell of the nut with a natchet as it falls on the table. Then the shell is pried off, leaving the meat whole. From 6 to 11 o'clock six men at this work open twelve thousand nuts. A peeling machine then takes off the brown skin of the nuts, after which the meats are broken into pieces. the milk drawn off, and the pieces put into tubs of clean, cold water. The meat is then inspected as to its quality, and next it is put into a grinding mill turning four hundred revolutions a minute. The pulp thus made is mixed with granulated sugar and put in long pans of galvanized iron, which are put in the desiccators and the water extracted at a high temperature. An interesting fact about the work is that the entire process must be completed by 2 o'clock in the afternoon, because of the delicate nature of the fruit. The number of people employed in this department is forty-six. The desiccated nut is white as snow, and perfectly dry, when it has been through the process, and it is then allowed to cool, and is left in a dry temperature for ten days before it is finally put up for the market. At 3 o'clock each day

"What about the idea that cocoanut "It is supposed by many persons to be so. But the best growths show by analysis about 48 per cent of digestible

oils, 5 per cent of sugar, about 46 per cent of water, and only 1 per cent of ash. This being the case, there is scarcely anything people eat more di-

A Bright Boy Without Legs And

There are many who have to go through a part of life at least with the loss of an arm or a leg, and anyone can realize in a measure the privations sacu a loss can occasion; but very few are called upon to exist without either, and very few realize the extent to which human ingenuity can provide means of compensation in such cases. Sometimes it seems as if nature gives what aid it can, and when the physical completeness has been denied sought to make up the deficiency with more than

Such observations might naturally occur to the individual who was acquainted with the son of G. B. Willams, of Mendon, Mass., who was born without arms and legs, and yet goes around the village and fills a worthy place in the youthful society of the town, with promise of an active and useful manhood in the years to come. The young man is 12 years of age. His features are rather old looking for his years, and the expression is bright and ntelligent. His language and looks indicate a belief in his ability to take care of himself before a great while. He is nearly qualified to enter the high school of the town, and his handwriting is above the average. In accomplishing the latter work the pen is held under the chin, and with the aid of the

shoulder the tracings are made. He attends the public school and goes around the village without the aid of any other person, but the means to this end were not invented until within a year or'so, and not until after a long time of study upon the subject and trial of several aids, which proved by experiment to be of little use. He could get up and down stairs, put on his cap, and roll and throw himself from one point in the room to another without help, but to go much outside of the house it was necessary to carry him. Now he carries himself. For this purpose a pair of wheels similar to those on a boy's velocipede were procured and the axle padder __'he boy rests his chest on the pad and by means of his imperfect lower limb propels himself around the town. It required some practice to learn to balance himself at first, but he soon overcame the difficulty. The wheels were obtained in De-troit, efforts to find the kind nearer home having been without success. "I can go anywhere I want to," said the lad. "Can go down hill faster than a walk, but have to rest on up grades.'

He does not complain of any pain or trouble in the stomach from resting the weight of his body on it so much. In spite of his affliction and the way he is andicapped in the race for worldly rewards, he impresses the stranger as one who bids fair to make his mark by strong mental attainments. - Boston

Watermelon Ethics. Very few people know how to eat a

watermelon, just as not one man in

ten thousand knows how to eat an or-

ange. To be properly enjoyed the per-fect watermelon should be pounced on in the patch just after sun-up. It should be carefully selected. In response to an eager thump there should follow a dead and mealy sound, and the melon should weigh not less than twenty-five pounds. After it is pulled it should be split end to end with a short-bladed pocket-knife, so that in tearing it open the glowing and juicy heart, bursting loose from its continement, shall find a lodgment on one side only. At this point the knife is to be flung away.

Offending an Alligator,

"Now, then," said the colonel, "here's the rifle and there's the alligator. Get down behind this log and take a dead rest and aim for his eye." The reptile wasn't over 100 feet away, lying on the shore of the lagoon to dry his scaly back. If he had eyes they were shut, but I got down with the determination to plant a bullet somewhere back of the base of his great jaws.

"Hold on!" whispered the colonel, "you can't hit nothing with the gun wobbling all over the log. Steady,

I got my eye down to the gun and was fishing for the right spot when the colonel broke in with:

"Great lands! but see him shaking! If you fire now the bullet will go clear over Baton Rouge!' I sat up and drew a long breath and

then got down and pulled the trigger. I was still pulling when the colonel whispered "Well. I declare! but the gun isn't cocked!

I drew up the hammer and took another long breath, and just then the alligator opened in mouter like the door of a shed, and yawned as naturally as a human being. I looked at him instead of the sights, and the colonel

nudged me, and said: "Say, I don't believe we loaded that gun after shooting at that buzzard!" He was right. We had to load it, and just as we had finished the operation I detected a smell of musk and heard a wallowing in the sand, and as we rose up that lessed old reptile put his fore feet on the log to look over. "Now give it to him!" shouted the colonel, and I raised the gun and bang-ed away. It was a Winchester, and I banged again. The alligator looked at me in a puzz ed way, and at the third report he backed off and headed for the lake. I followed and opened a "leaden hail" on him. Twice he turned his head and gave me a look of reproach, and as he was about to enter the water he put up his forefoot and wiped a tear from the corner of his left eye. I had grieved his feelings-intentionally and maliciously insulted

a crocodile who had perhaps been a philanthropist all his days. "Gimme that gun!" said the colonel in a husky voice. "I brought you out here to give you a chance to kill an alligator, but I'il be hanged if I'll be a party to any such conduct as yours. That 'gator has been shamefully treated, and he feels it, and ten to one if he doesn't hold me responsible and give it away to every durned reptile in Louisinna. Let's go home!"-Detroit Free

Lakes of Solid Sait in Asia.

From a paper read by Sir Peter Lumsden before the Royal Geographical Society: Yaroilan means "the sunken ground," and no word can better describe the general appearance of the valley of these lakes. The total length of the valley from Kangruali road on the west to the Band-i-Dozan. which bounds it on the east, is about thirty miles, and its greatest breadth about eleven miles, divided into two parts by a connecting ridge which runs across from north to south, with an average height of about 1.800 feet, but has a narrow, which rises some 400 feet above the general average. To the west of this ridge lies the lake from which the Tekke Turcomans from Merv get their salt. The valley of this lake is some six miles square, and is surrounded on all sides by a steep, almost precipitous descent, impassable for baggage animals, so far as I am aware, except by the Merv road, in the northwest corner. The level of the lake I made to be about 1,430 feet above the sea level, which gives it a descent of some 400 feet from the level of the connecting ridge, and of some 950 feet below the general plateau above. The lake itself lies in the center of the basin, and the supply

of salt is apparently unlimited. The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level, and covered by only an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. The bottom was covered with a slight sediment, but when that was scraped away the pure white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit may be it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it. To the east of the dividing ridge is the second lake, from which the Saryks of Penjdeh take their salt. The valley in which this lake is situated is much the larger of the two. The valley proper is itself some fifteen miles in length by about ten miles in breadth. The descent to it is precipitous on the north and west sides only, the eastern and southeastern end sloping gradually up in a succession of undulations. The level of this is apparently lower than that of the other. I made it out to be some 800 feet above the sea level. The salt in this lake is not so smooth as in the other and does not look so pure. It is dug out in flakes or strata, generally of some four inches in thickness, is loaded into bags, and carried off on camels for sale without further preparation.

I have lived seven years in Colorado, and have herded sheep in weather so cold that the food I took out for lunch

Might We All Go Naked?

froze hard in my pockets—thermome-ter sometimes fifteen or twenty degrees below zero—and I used to wear less clothing than I do now, although naturally sensitive to cold, owing to a weak circulation. I well remember a half-witted man, Marvin by name (who has since then committed a dreadful crime), who used to get a precarious living by hunting in the mountains, and who, in the coldest winter weather, went about in ragspractically unclothed. Another "oldtimer," who was a teamster, invariably went about in the severest weather and most biting winds, with his coat open and his chest perfectly naked and exposed. Surely the street Arabs, who are at once-half-starved and halfnaked, prove that the power to resist cold is merely a matter of habit, and that we might make ourselves "all face" if we liked, though doubtless a if of doubtful sanitary value. I firmly believe that overcoats are the most fruitful cause of winter colds, and that the best and safest plan is to make little or no difference between summer

WIT AND HUMOR.

A druggist at Quincy, Ill., advertised kauffdropps to those suffering with colds. Abraham Kauff, a citizen of the town, called on the druggist, and put out his left eye as a reward for being

"A curious negro superstition is that a man who has been struck by light-ning can not swim," says an exchange. We have noticed the same thing, too, about negroes who have died from yellow fever. - Puck

A London paper lays it down editor-ially that "the man that would not kiss a woman when she tells him with her eyes that her lips are yearning is an idiot." This, we think depends upon

the woman .- Leavenworth (Kas.) Times. Fred Archer is the most successful jockey in the world because he picks out winning horses before he mounts them. There would be some great doctors in the world if they could choose their patients. - New Orleans Picayune. Mamma-Did you have a nice time,

dear, at church? Youthful son-Splendid! Papa enoyed himself, too. But it made him Wful thirsty to play dominos

Doctor- "You need exercise; what is your employment?" Patient-"I am a mason." Doctor-"But then you can not lack exercise." Mason-"That depends. Sometimes, you know, we work by the day and sometimes by the job." - German Paper.

"Bobby," said the minister at the dinner table, "what do you expect to do when you grow up.' "I'll be a minister, I think."

"That's a laudable ambition, indeed, Bobby. Do you think you would like "O, yes," Bobby replied. "Pa says

you've got the softest job in town." New York Sun. A New Jersey-man, hearing that his wife intended to elope, considerately went away from home the evening named, so as to remove every obstacle. His wife suspected the cause of his absence, and dismissed her clandestine suitor. Moral: Never try to be smarter

than a woman. If you do, you will get left.—Burlington Free Press. Wrong Diagnosis. Physician-"Yes, sir; you must stop cating between meals. That is what is the matter with vou." Patient-"But if I did not eat between meals I should starve to death." "Nonsense." "But I should, doctor. Indeed I should." "How can that possibly be?" "I board."—Philadelphia

"My dear friend," said a minister at the bedside of a sick man, "do you feel that you are prepared to die?" "I realize only too well that I am

man, f

"I would be glad to speak with you concerning matters which at this time must concern-" "You are very kind, sir." interrupted the patient: "but the physicians are holding a consultation, and I would

like to learn their verdict first."-New York Times. A minister at a recent wedding came very near being broke up right in the midst of the ceremony, and all by the bride, a pretty, fragile, young little thing, and one of his favorite parish-ioners. She had insisted on the most rigid of the Episcopal Church forms, and her Unitarian minister had humored her. Imagine, then, his surprise as he dictated the lines: "Promising to love, honor, and obey," to have her to love, honor, and be gay," looking him directly in the face the while. He had some difficulty to control his inclination to laugh, and, not being prepared for the contingency, let it slip .-

"How fresh everything seems to-night," said he. "Do you know anything fresher than a spring zephyr?' "No," said the young lady: "not unless it is the fresh paint you are sitting on. It has not been on the plazza four

hours." The young man went through a back street to a hotel and sent the porter out on an errand. A few minutes later an odor of benzine filled the hotel -Port Jervis Union.

They tell a story on the Spring-House balcony at Richfield Springs, about William M. Evarts. Chauncey Depew says Evarts once sent a donkey up to his Windsor farm in Vermont About a week afterwards Mr. Evarts received the following letter from his little grandehild:

Dear Grandpa: The little donkev is. very gentle, but he makes a big noise nights. He is very lonesome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come up soon and then he won't be so lonesome. - Minnie.

an English critic demands. Where are the American poets? Why, bless your soul, they are everywhere and their name is legion. You will find one in nearly every newspaper office in the United States, with his machine rigged up in the corner of his room ready at a moment's notice to respond to the call of copy, and a great many more besides chained in the basement dungeons under the pressrooms ready to be let loose when occasion demands. None of your "You, you" poets, either, such as the English make laureates of. but real bona fide "yi, yi" poets, all wool and a yard wide, and closely woven at that. Where are the American poets? You should rather ask, Where is the American that isn't a

poet? The Nine have removed their abode from Parnassus To our sky-kissing mountains, their health to repair, And we beg to assure English eritics, who sass us, That they're growing quite fat on American

A Rockland household was made proud and happy by the introduction of a cabinet organ. The mother could play a little, and there was a "popular collection of music' included in the purchase; she lost no time in getting every note and stop into practice. The organ groaned, and wheezed, and complained, with the most astonishing music, night and day, day and night, for modicum of clothing is comfortable, a week. Then one morning there was a knock at the door, and a little girl from the next house shrilly said: "Please marm, mother wants to know if you won't lend her your music book?" This was a surprising request, inasmuch and winter clothing. - W. M. Williams, as the woman next door was known to